Containing
5 SUBJECTS
Come lasses and lads,
Ride a cock-horse,
A Farmer went trotting,
Mrs. Mary Blaize, &
The Great Panjandrum himself.

The PANJANDRUM PICTURE BOOK

R.
CALDECOTT

FREDERICK WARNE & Co. LTD.

PICTURE BOOK
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J Caldecott

Panjandrum picture book

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THE PANJANDRUM PICTURE BOOK

BY

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

CONTAINING

COME LASSES AND LADS

RIDE A COCK-HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS, AND

A FARMER WENT TROTTING UPON HIS GREY MARE

MRS. MARY BLAIZE

THE GREAT PANJANDRUM HIMSELF

LONDON

FREDERICK WARNE AND CO., LTD.

AND NEW YORK

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COME LASSES AND LADS

Come Lasses and Lads, get leave of your Dads,

And away to the May-pole hey:

For every he
Has got him a she,
with a minstrel standing by.

For Willy has gotten his Jill,
And Johnny has got his Jone,
To jigg it, jigg it, jigg it, jigg it,
Jigg it up and down.

"Strike up," says WATT; "Agreed," says KATE,
"And I prithee, Fiddler, play;"
"Content," says HODGE, and so says MADGE,
For this is a Holiday!
Then every man did put his hat off to his lass,
And every girl did curchy, curchy, curchy on the grass.

"Begin," says HALL; "Ay, ay," says MALL,
"We'll lead up Packington's pound:"
"No, no," says NOLL, and so says DOLL,
"We'll first have Sellenger's round."

Then every man began
to foot it round about,
And every girl did jet it,
Jet it, jet it in and out.

"You're out," says DICK; "Not I," says NICK.
"The Fiddler played it false;"
"'Tis true," says HUGH, and so says SUE,
And so says nimble ALICE.

The Fiddler then began to play the tune again,
And every girl did trip it,
Trip it, trip it to the men.

MAID MARIAN!

Then after an hour, they went to a bower,
And played for ale and cakes,
And kisses too—until they were due
the lasses held the stakes.

The girls did then begin to quarrel with the men,
And bid them take their kisses back,
and give them their own again,
And bid them take their kisses back
and give them their own again.

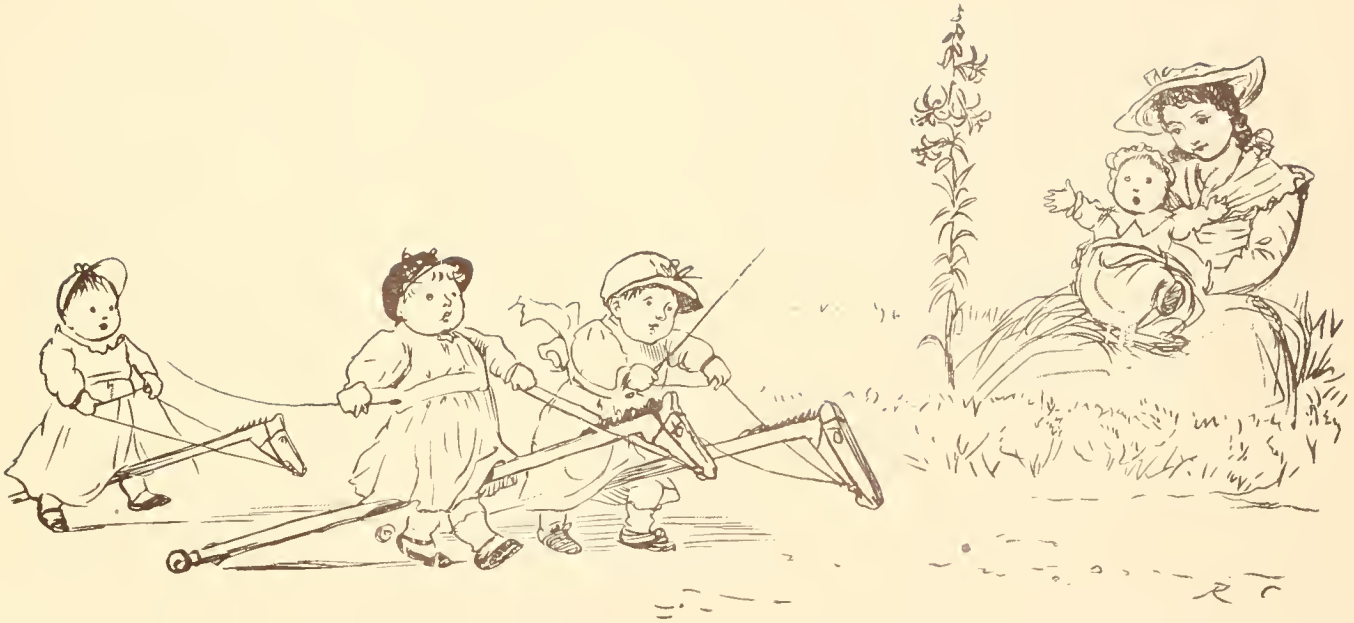
Now there they did stay the whole of the day,
And tired the Fiddler quite,
With singing and playing, without any paying,
From morning until night.

They told the Fiddler then,
they'd pay him for his play,

And each a 2-pence, 2-pence, 2-pence,
gave him and went away

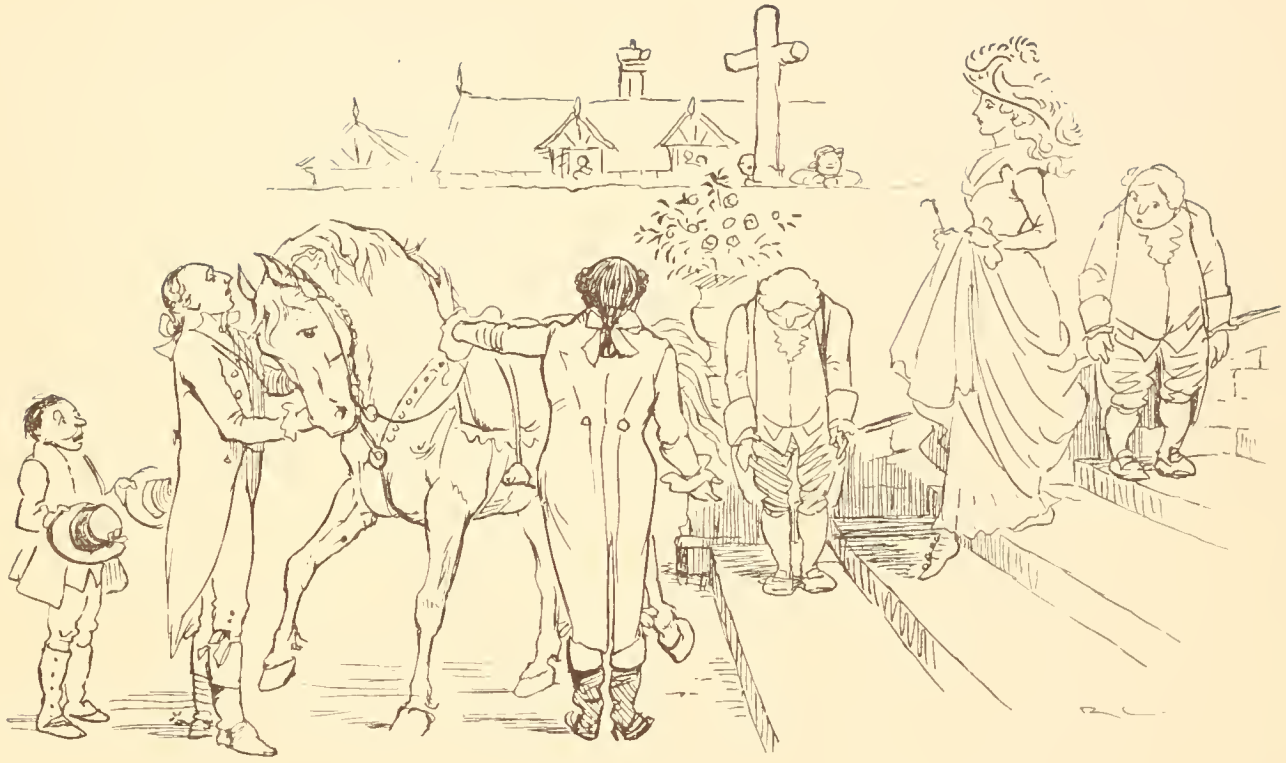
"Good-night," says HARRY; "Good-night," says MARY;
"Good-night," says DOLLY to JOHN;
"Good-night," says SUE, to her sweetheart HUGH,
"Good night," says everyone.

Some walked and some did run, Some loitered on the way,
And bound themselves, by kisses twelve, To meet the next Holiday.
And bound themselves, by kisses twelve. To meet the next Holiday.

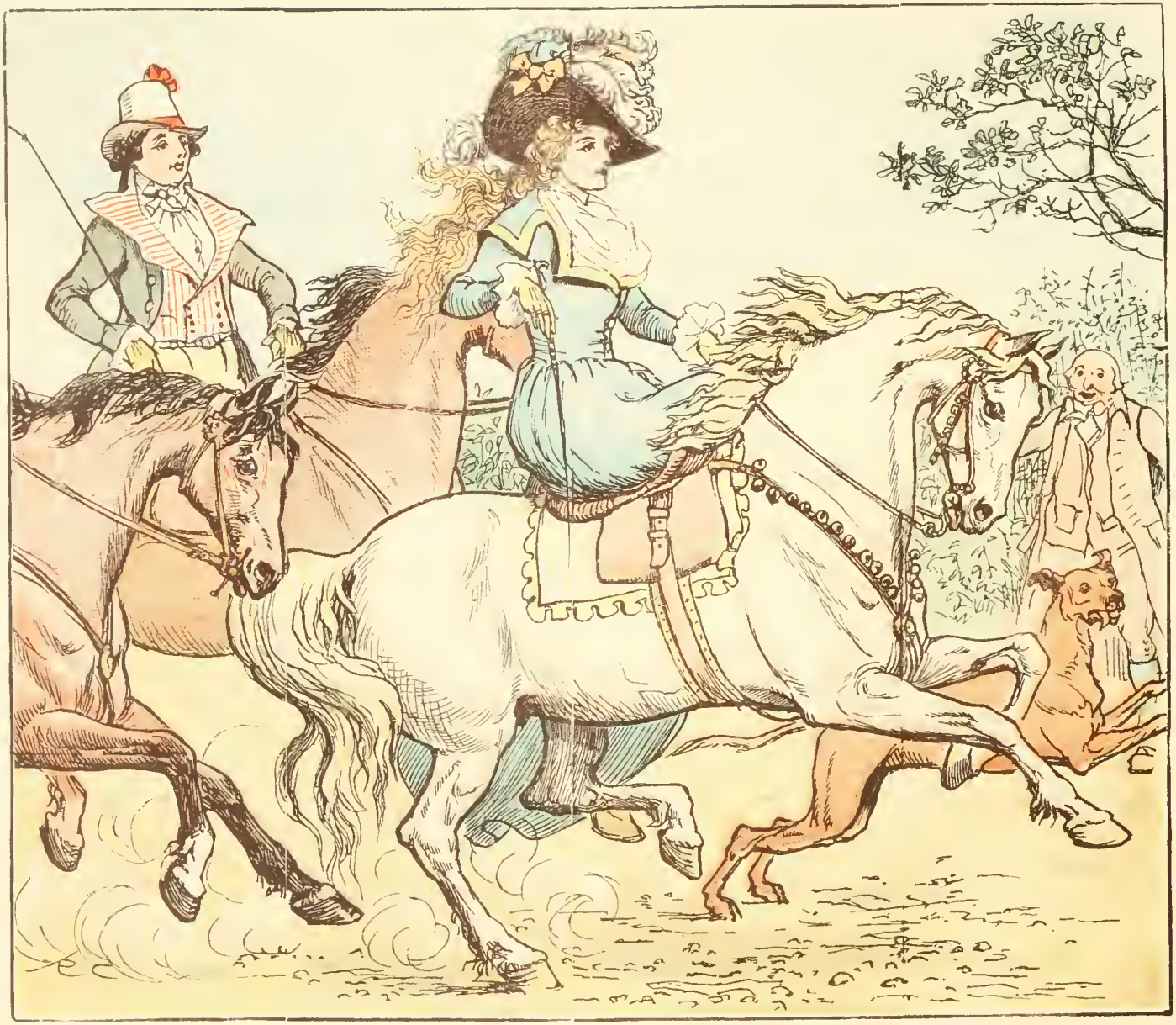


RIDE A COCK-HORSE
TO BANBURY CROSS

Ride a Cock-Horse
to Banbury Cross,



To see a fine Lady
Get on a white Horse,



With rings on her fingers,
and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

A FARMER WENT TROTTING
UPON HIS GREY MARE.

A Farmer went trotting upon his grey Mare;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his Daughter behind him, so rosy and fair;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A Raven cried "Croak!" and they all tumbled down;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The Mare broke her knees and the Farmer his crown;
Lumpety lumpety, lump!

The mischievous Raven flew laughing away;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day·
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX

MRS. MARY BLAIZE

BY

DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Good people all,

with one accord,

Lament for

Madam Blaize,

Who never wanted

a good word—

From those

who spoke her praise.

RC

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—

Who left

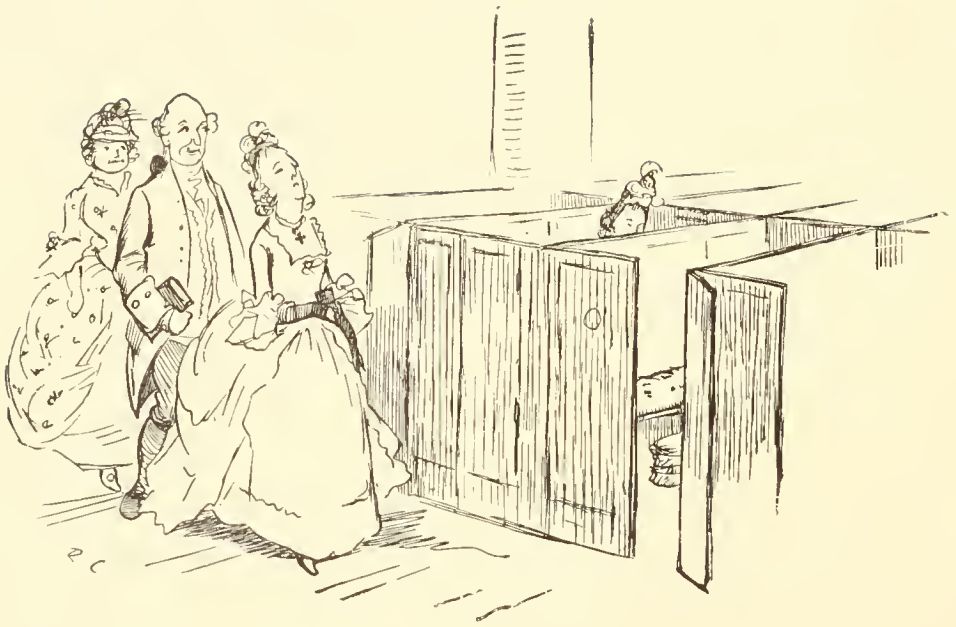
a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning ;

And never follow'd wicked ways—

Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—



But when she shut her eyes.

RC

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The King himself has follow'd her—

When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short-all:
The Doctors found, when she was dead-
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day.

THE GREAT PANJANDRUM HIMSELF

So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf

to make

an apple-pie;

and at the same time a great she-bear,
coming down the street, pops its head
into the shop.

What ! no soap ?

So he died,

and she very imprudently married the Barber :

R C

and there were present

the Picninnies,

and the Joblillies,

and the Garyulies,

and the great Panjandrum himself, with
the little round button at top;

LATIN
GRAMM

and they all fell to playing the game of
catch-as-catch-can,

till the gunpowder ran out at the heels
of their boots.

D 1635 26

CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM